The Randon Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Coal was exploited in the 13th century at Trawden near Colne where receipts are mentioned in a rent roll from 1295 and the ghost miners

Once upon a time, nestled within the picturesque countryside of Trawden near Colne, there lay a small village surrounded by rolling hills and lush green fields. The year was 1295, and the region was blessed with an abundant natural resource that would shape its destiny - coal.

Coal, the black gold buried deep beneath the earth's surface, had recently been discovered in Trawden. The villagers were astounded by its power and potential. They soon set to work, forming small mining operations to extract this precious resource from the depths of the earth.

As the coal mines flourished, the village thrived. Trade and prosperity swept through Trawden, transforming it into a bustling centre of commerce. But little did the villagers know that their newfound wealth came with a price, one that would haunt them for generations to come.

As the years passed, rumours started to circulate among the villagers about ghostly apparitions haunting the mines. Miners claimed to have encountered shadowy figures deep underground, ethereal forms that whispered eerie chants in long-forgotten languages. These spectral beings seemed to be the restless souls of miners who had lost their lives in the pursuit of coal.

The ghost miners, as they became known, cast an eerie pall over Trawden. Fear gripped the villagers' hearts, and tales of supernatural encounters spread like wildfire. Many believed that disturbing the earth to extract the coal had angered the spirits, and they sought vengeance for their untimely demise.

Despite the ghostly presence, the allure of wealth continued to draw brave souls to the mines. Miners knew the risks but were willing to face them for the promise of a better life. They descended into the dark abyss day after day, their lanterns casting flickering light upon the coal-laden walls.

As time went on, the villagers grew weary of the ghost miners' presence. They sought ways to appease the spirits and find a resolution to their troubled coexistence. Wise elders delved into ancient folklore and consulted mystics and seers in search of a solution.

One day, a wise woman named Eliza arrived in Trawden. She was renowned for her knowledge of the spirit world and her ability to communicate with restless souls. The villagers eagerly sought her counsel, hoping that she could find a way to ease the ghost miners' torment.

Eliza spent days and nights meditating and communing with the ethereal realm. Through her connection with the spirits, she discovered that the ghost miners harbored deep resentment towards the living, their anger fueled by the unending greed for coal. They craved acknowledgement and remembrance.

Moved by their plight, Eliza gathered the villagers for a solemn ceremony. They built a memorial near the mines, a place where the names of the fallen miners would be etched in stone, preserving their memory for eternity. The villagers offered prayers and lit candles, seeking forgiveness and offering gratitude for the coal that had brought them prosperity.

As the ceremony reached its peak, a hush fell over the crowd. The ghost miners emerged from the shadows, their ethereal forms slowly fading away. The villagers

watched in awe as the spirits, finally acknowledged and remembered, found peace and departed from the mortal realm.
From that day forward, the ghost miners ceased to haunt Trawden. The village continued to thrive, but with newfound respect and reverence for the land and the spirits that resided within it. The tale of the ghost miners became a cautionary reminder of the consequences of unchecked greed and a testament to the power of remembrance and gratitude.
And so, the village of Trawden near Colne flourished, forever carrying the legacy of its past, where the echoes of the ghost miners served as a constant reminder to cherish the earth's gifts and honour the spirits that dwell within.

By Donald Jay

COUNCIL DAY's

Council day's bygone day's
town history now long past
council pal's now most diciest
now resting on the heavenly council
leaning on there golden shovel's
highway's and cleansing service's
parks and council housing repairs
the pay was poor the hour's long
the service was second to none
council pal's name's lost in time
now council service's are no more
services contracted out sad to say
to people who don't know the work
and aren't dedicated to your town
has the council pal's were long ago
your name's will be forgotten
but your workmanship will live on

By Donald Jay